A LITTLE SUNSHINE

BY
WALTER E. TODD

W. E. TODD
271 13th Street

Washington D. C.
NORTH STREET
NEW YORK - 10001

Walter E. Todd

3601
T7L5
1917X
ANAC

A Little Sunshine

BY

WALTER E. TODD

MURRAY BROS. PRINTING CO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Copyrighted 1917 by Walter E. Todd.

INTRODUCTORY.

have known the author of this little volume a great many years and have admired the way in which he has made an effort to improve his talent. Those persons who have the poetic gift are great blessings to the world.

Their talents vary in degree, but their efforts to sing to us must always be commended. In most cases the gift seems to have been given to those who in some way have been handicapped in life. All the more credit should be given them for their efforts, and I commend the effort of this young man who represents a group from which some think another Homer may come.

JESSE EDWARD MOORLAND.

DEDICATED
WITH SWEET REMEMBRANCE
TO
MY MOTHER

A LITTLE SUNSHINE

Our Brave Heroes

Can there be any higher tribute paid,
Than of that to those brave soldiers who laid
Down their lives when they refused to retreat
And helped the flag from bowing to defeat,
In order that it may forever wave,
So their last drop of blood they freely gave,
For like the Saviour who on the cross died,
And was stoned to death also crucified,
His example has been followed by those
Brave men who're now lying in a heroes'
Grave, for unflinchingly a death they faced
And their names they will never be erased
From our minds, but will forever cling,
Fresh as the flowers that bloom in the Spring.
Such heroism that these men have shown
It should find its way in a heart of stone.
For their bravery they'll be rewarded
And their names up there have been recorded,
So when that great day of judgment appear,
Before the great throne their names they will
hear,

The Judge call out Rucker, Hines, Boyd and
Adair,
Gleeton, Talbert, Roberts, Matthews and
Ware,
And the names of Moses, Day and Winrow,
For a crown of righteousness he'll bestow
On them all when to their names they respond,
When they meet up there in that great beyond.

Do It Right

Whatever to you has been assigned,
Do it right.
Keep this impressed upon your mind,
Do it right.
When it comes up for inspection
Let it be done to perfection
So there will be no detection,
Do it right.

Then success you will always meet,
Do it right.
With others you'll also compete
Do it right.
That's the best way to advertise
Your work, but if otherwise,
They'll pass you by and close their eyes,
Do it right.

Your employer you should not rob,
Do it right.

By sometimes loafing on the job,
Do it right.

His time you should not steal away,
For breaking by is not fair play,
If so, you should expect half pay.
Do it right.

Washington's Triumph

Born in lowliness of an humble birth
Was a child who later on proved its worth,
His pathway was strewn with many a thorn,
But with a bold heart he kept pressing on ;
For that spark of hope continued to burn,
He believing some day the tide would turn,
Which would enable him to carve his name
Among the great men in the hall of fame.
So off he started on a great mission
Not discouraged under no condition,
For he had a vision that he would be
Crowned with great success that if only he
Would refuse to bow down to defeat,
But take the bitter along with the sweet.
And with this important object in view
His journey he continued to pursue,
Foot sore and weary he wended his way
Without even having a place to stay.

At night after such a strenuous days'
Walk but sleeping out on the highways,
So at last he reached his destination,
In thirst was he for an education.
But to his sorrow he found the door locked,
Undaunted was he but remained and knocked,
So at last the door it became a jar
But to this lad it was not opened far
Enough, so he remained dissatisfied,
Until the door had been swung open wide.
His hopes did not remain long in despair,
Because he knew that he'd find work some-
where,
So he stood his ground and refused to go
From that door because he would not take no
For an answer, but kept knocking away,
Because he had made up his mind to stay.
So at last the door it flew open wide,
In walks this young lad and there he applied
For any kind of work that he could find,
So this position to him was assigned:
A room in the school required to be swept,
Of which this young lad was glad to accept,
So his task he began and to perfection,
He finished, so there was no detection.
In doing that work he had held his own,
He called that piece of work his stepping
stone.

Round by round he continued to ascend
The ladder, but not forgetting to lend
A helping hand because he was inclined
To render assistance to all mankind.
He had the interest of all at heart,
And was always ready to do his part,
In anything that would bring on progress,
For his mind was only bent on success.
He's been instrumental in paving the way
For many a soul in order that they
Would not spend their time in such idleness,
But would use the talents they did possess,
So when the messenger of death was sent,
He could look back and say a life well spent
In doing things which made the world grow
Brighter each day as he moved to and fro,
For he lived the life of servant well done,
Such a man was Booker T. Washington.

Paying The Price

Just a little tot a crawling on the floor,
While its mother sits by and watches o'er,
With careful eyes as it toddles about,
So in walks the father and reaches out
His hands to the child, saying, come on dear,
Just make one step there is no need to fear.

Papa won't let his precious baby fall,
So the little darling it tries with all
Of its might for to reach its parents' side.
So anxious are they in trying to guide
Its footsteps, hoping that it will obey
Their instructions and will not go astray
From what was taught him around the fire-
side,

So when it grows up they can say with pride,
That their efforts were not at all in vain.
And he did not cause them a moment's pain.
Night fall appears and to its trundle bed,
It'll go to rest after its prayers have been said.
So mother kneels at the bedside and asks
The Lord to assist her in her great task
In bringing up her boy as he should be
Brought up in the right way so that when he
Grows older that it will never depart,
From her instructions and to cause her heart
To bleed with sorrow, but will always do,
Right in every course it may pursue.
So as time rolls on he becomes of age,
Now, he is right at the crucial stage ;
For he's standing on the edge of the brink
Invited by friends to take the first drink.
So he asks the questions as he stands there,
Now, must I accept or must I beware.
So his friends persuade him to just take one
With them and participate in the fun.

So the temptation he cannot resist,
Another victim on the drunkard's list.
Look there he is off on a wild career,
Causing mother to shed many a tear,
Of sadness which could have been averted ;
His absence makes the home look deserted,
Where he once graced it as a precious soul,
But too indulgent with the flowing bowl,
Has caused the smile that used to adorn
Those cheeks like the rose of a summer morn,
To disappear and a frown has taken
Its place and now he has been forsaken,
By his friends he has known since childhood
days ;

Who helped him to share their innocent plays.
So his mind reflects back to times of yore,
And is anxious to enjoy them once more.
His conscience has caused him to be driven,
Back to them and ask to be forgiven,
For his waywardness so he trudges on,
Haggard, with his clothes all tattered and
torn,

He reaches home after many months
Of travel and is recognized at once
By his mother for says she, Thank the Lord,
He has answered my prayers by having re-
stored

My boy who left us on that awful night,
But ever since then I have kept the light

A burning to welcome home his return.
And no more will my poor heart ever yearn.
When father comes in this time he doesn't
hold

Out his hands as he did in the days of old,
But instead says he, so you are the one
Who used to make me proud to call my son,
Yes, father; it's I, the young man replies,
But father looks at him with flaming eyes.
His finger is pointing toward the door,
Saying go, don't cross this threshold any more.
You have brought on too much shame and dis-
grace,

And never let me look into your face
Again for the way that you have acted,
Has almost caused me to go distracted.
So mother offers such a sad appeal
Saying, Oh, spare the boy and make him feel
That you love him as you did in the days
Gone by, and just think when you used to gaze
Into those eyes and call him your jewel.
Oh dear, I implore you don't be so cruel;

But please forgive him for his waywardness,
And open your arms with the same caress
That you used to give him and drive away
The sorrow in his heart and let him stay.
But father will not become reconciled
And from the home the young man is exiled.

So down the pathway you will see him wend
His way not knowing where his days will end.
So he looks back and sees the same finger
Pointing at him so he dares not linger
Around the place where he once held full
 sway,

So now he's been made to regret the day
That he didn't stop before it was too late
And saved himself from such an awful fate,
So by not heeding his parent's advice,
In a pauper's grave he has paid the price.

Dunbar

I deem it an honor to take my pen,
And write something about one that has been
Useful in life with other great men,
And that one is Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

So to his last resting place he has gone,
But his works they'll continue to live on,
For they will cheer the sad and forlorn,
The lovely lines written by Dunbar.

He stands in the great hall of fame with Poe,
Longfellow, Riley, Tennyson, also
Others who helped to make this world aglow
With the beautiful words of Dunbar.

It was he that helped to broaden my mind,
And made me feel literary inclined,
By reading his works in them I did find,
Something so inspiring from Dunbar.

Sunshine into many a home he's brought,
Which would have otherwise went for naught,
But as his works were read something was
 caught,
So helpful and cheerful from Dunbar.

His words to music also have been set,
And with abundant success they have met,
So there's no reason why we should forget,
To emulate the name of Dunbar.

He's caused a frown to leave many a face,
When something appeared and gave it a chase,
And that was a smile came and took its place,
Then why should we not praise our Dunbar.

There're so many hearts been made to feel
 glad,
Which would have remained so lonely and sad,
But he gave to the world the best he had
In him, so let us cherish Dunbar.

He was one that wouldn't give up in despair,
Being interested in the welfare
Of others in order that they might share
The beautiful poems of Dunbar.

So when death with the final summons came,
And laid its chilly hand upon his frame,
He was ready and answered to his name,
Which ended the career of Dunbar.

An Unanswered Question

What have we done to cause this oppression?
Can any race answer this great question?
To find a reason we're trying to obtain
But all our efforts seem to be in vain.
And why is it we should be treated so
We're at a loss and desirous to know,
If there's anything we've left incomplete
Just tell us and we will be glad to meet
The obligations you wish us to do,
For right is the course we wish to pursue.
Must we continue to hold our peace
While some of you stand ready to increase
Upon us the things most unbearable
When relations should be inseparable
Of course, there are some of us that's worth-
less
Which is undeniable we must confess.
But tell us any race that you can name
Which does not contain some that's in the
same

Channell and if it is a thing you can't do
Then why not the same medicine don't you
Prescribe for them like you are giving us
And not forever ready to discuss,
Our bad traits at each beck and call,
But theirs you don't seem to notice at all.
Through both thick and thin we've stood by
your side
And did not desert you which can't be denied.
We guarded your homes while you were
asleep
And faithful watch over them did we keep.
So the confidence that you entertains
In us it has stood the test and remains
True as the stars in the heavenly sky,
A fact that you can't truthfully deny.
And when the nation called to arms also
You found us ready and willing to go
For there wasn't one of us who tried to lag
Behind, but went and protected the flag.
So that any time you're compelled to go
And shoulder your guns to charge on the foe
Who have rebelled and we should be needed
That call to us would not go unheeded,
For right to the front you would find us there
Ready and willing to do our share,
Of the fighting as we have always done,
Because our duty we'll never shun

But will keep the flag from trailing the dust,
For never have we betrayed our trust.
Down in the valley you heard our groans,
Pleading to you in most pitiful tones,
But a deaf ear was turned to our cries
So there being one who did sympathize
With our appeals, for pathetic were they
Which made him have the bold courage to say
That it was an awful shame and disgrace
To be so cruel to a defenseless race.
For God created all equal and free,
And would do all in his power to see
That such a punishment should not go on,
Where human souls having their loved ones
torn
From their sides like cattle and sold far away
Such a treatment as that was unfair play,
And such a method as that would be met
With his disapproval causing much regret,
To him that his mind would not be at ease,
Unless some one harkened to our pleas.
So the opportunity came at last,
He cut loose the shackles that held us fast
For by the hand of that Almighty God
He didn't fail to strike the blow and hard.
And four million souls in an awful plight
Was turned from out of darkness into light.
And behold the glad tidings it did bring
To those unfortunates, making them sing

A song so thrilling as never before.
We've left the slave pen to go back no more.
Like an empty boat we were set adrift,
Without any guiding hand to uplift
Us or to shape our destination,
But to work out our own salvation.
We took up the task without a protest,
Not thinking some of you would ever molest
Us in any way or try to impede
Our progress but help us to succeed.
Sometimes the old boat would swing to and
fro,

Making things begin to appear as though
We would be unable to make the trip,
But we refused to desert the old ship;
Undaunted were we, it didn't run aground
But landed into port both safe and sound.
A true fact that remains undisputed,
Can it be that jealousy's attributed
To the great success that we've achieved,
Causing some of you to become aggrieved?
And if this assertion is really true,
This question then permit us to ask you,
How could you be possessed with such a heart
When we are trying to play our part,
In helping to turn the wheel of progress?
Then why should you continue to oppress
Us down instead of reaching out your hand
To us all and say united we'll stand.

The Stage of Action

When from the stage of action I have passed,
Oh, may the deeds that I've performed be
 classed

With those that's worth emulation,
Which will be a demonstration
That I've tried to be faithful to the last.

There're so many kind acts that you can do,
For day by day your journey you pursue,
If you would just take time to stop
And just a word of encouragement drop,
To some one who's less fortunate than you.

It will surely do an amount of good,
And change their sorrow to a cheerful mood,
It will cause his face to brighten
With sunshine that will enlighten,
Some other person's heart that used to brood.

And continue to put sorrows to flight,
Also cause them to be a shining light
Because the part that you have played,
By doing so you've surely made
Them become pleasing in the Master's sight.

A Happy Home

Give me a home where happiness prevails,
Matters not how obscure it may be,
And I will be perfectly contented,
What difference will it make to me,
If a picture should not adorn the wall,
Or the floors from carpets may be bare,
I'll be satisfied with the surroundings,
Just so long as sunshine remains there.

For the home that always contains a smile,
It is far better than a palace,
With everything that money can buy,
And is filled with hatred and malice,
So let me enjoy the blessed sunshine,
O, may it be ever so humble,
I'll be grateful in every respect
And not always ready to grumble.

If a weary traveler should come along,
And misfortune has overtaken
Him and he makes an appeal for aid
By me he will not be forsaken,
But what I possess I will gladly share,
With him, may it be ever so scant,
For I will make him perfectly welcome
Instead of saying to him I can't.

Give me also a heart that I may spread,
Sunshine to some one every day,
If only by giving a pleasant smile,
That'll help to cheer them on their way,
So when I retire to my downy couch
At night, I can sleep unmolested,
With a conscience to know that I have tried
To do as the Master requested.

Father Time

An old man sitting one day,
Watching some children at play,
Enjoying themselves to their heart's content,
And their minds from care were free,
Also their hearts filled with glee,
For their little souls were on pleasure bent,

As they scampered to and fro,
It made him bow his head low,
The tears appeared and his eyes became dim,
In the midst there was a lad
Who saw him looking so sad,
Leaving his play he went and said to him.

Why is your head drooping down,
And your face wearing a frown,
When a sweet smile can appear in its stead.
Listen how the blue birds sing,

Welcoming the merry spring,
Then looking up the old man softly said,

Ah, those happy days gone by,
I remember well when I
Used to romp and play as you're doing now.
I was young and in my prime,
But since then old father time
Has placed its hand upon my fevered brow.

So I can't help it my boy,
When I think of all the joy,
I used to have it makes me sit up and yearn
For those times to just appear,
Once more and fill me with cheer
But they have gone never more to return.

So it won't be very long
Before I will join that throng
Up there and everything is sublime.
I will leave this earth below
And will take my flight and go
To rest and there will be no father time.

What Will Your Answer Be?

When death knocks at your chamber door
what will your answer be?

Can you say I am ready or I cannot go with
thee?

You've come on a surprise to me and caught
me unprepared,

I cannot accompany you now because I have
not shared

Any good deed that the Master has left for
me to do

But neglected them all instead, so death I im-
plore you,

To just let me remain awhile and call some
other day,

For I would like to amends in order that I
may,

Do something that will be pleasing in the
Master's sight,

So when I appear at the bar he'll place me on
his right

Side and say that I've been one among the fith-
ful few,

Then I will be only too glad to accompany
you,

And receive some of the blessings that he has
to bestow,

Because I would not like to dwell in misery
and woe.

But it will answer you by saying I'm sorry I
can't comply

With the request you've asked of me for that
I must deny.

You've had chances to do good deeds but just
ignored them all

So I being the messenger that only makes one
call,

On any individual so the Master has sent
Me after you so I'm afraid it's too late to
repent.

However, that part is left for the Master to
decide

And you will find him a just God and will not
be denied.

Of any good deed you have done let it be great
or small,

Because he sayeth in his word my grace is free
to all,

So it behooves us to do all the good while we
are here

On earth because we know not when the angel
shall appear

To examine the deeds that the Master has
commanded,

Us to do, so let us not go to him empty
handed.

Lovers' Lane.

1.

When the sun has lost its beauty in the far
off golden west
And the beautiful flowers also the birds have
gone to rest,
Then you see the appearance of the lovely,
silvery moon,
It is time for all the sweethearts in the village
for to spoon.
So you'll get yourself in readiness to go and
pay a call
On the one that you just idolize and love the
best of all.
With her face all filled with smiles and you
both will entertain
Each other as you walk hand in hand down in
lovers' lane.

2.

It is also the greatest place for one to steal a
kiss,
Because it soothes your desire and fills your
heart with bliss:
She'll try to make you think she's mad and
begin to pout,
But just look at her and you'll see a smile
come peeping out

On her lovely countenance for she's enjoyed
it too,
So, therefore, it is only one thing left for you
to do,
And that's to take another one for she will not
complain,
But will encourage you as you go strolling
down lovers' lane.

3.

So after you've seen her home and bade her a
sweet adieu,
Then you will become busy in building a home
for two,
For the great event that's coming off, Oh, how
anxious you'll get
After everything's ready and the wedding date
is set.
So when the time appears at last you'll stand
there with your bride
Waiting with great anxiety for the knot to be
tied ;
So after its all over sweet memories should
remain
With both of you of the grand times you've
spent in lovers' lane.

Dont Put On Airs

It doesn't pay to put on airs
Just because you live upstairs,
Ignoring the other fellow
Who's living in the cellar ;
And should you happen to meet
That same person on the street
Don't toss your head some other way
But go up to him and say :
Some kind word to cheer him on
His way, and why should you scorn
That man just because you've met
With better luck, and don't forget
The eagle soars high in the air
But it can't find no food up there
So it has to come right down
To get its food off the ground.
You might meet with the same fate,
So stop before it is too late.
If not you'll get such a bump,
Making you unable to jump
Up but there you'll have to lay
Until some one pass your way
And pick you upon your feet,
Also give you food to eat,
Then a lesson you will learn
That it pays to do a good turn
For some one else who's in need,

Which is a mighty good deed.
So when your time comes to die,
Your grave won't be in the sky
But will be under the sod
And they'll pack you good and hard;
So at the Saviour's command
Before St. Peter you must stand,
Then he'll open up his book,
Put on his glasses and look
For the deeds you should have done
And he cannot find a one.
So he'll take his glasses off,
Look you in the face with scoff
And say, it almost breaks my heart
To tell you that you must depart
Because you haven't done a thing
For some one that helped to bring
Sunshine to make some one glad,
But instead made them feel sad.

“Down-Home” Cooking

If there is one thing I crave for and that is to
be able
To go down home once more and put my feet
under the table,
And get some of that food down there that
they know how to cook,

But up this way they've always got to be
searching a book,
For recipes and all that stuff to see what it will
take
To fix the food they want to eat so there'll be
no mistake.
And down there they have so much food they
just throw it away,
But if you want anything up here for it you've
got to pay ;
For everybody up this way is holding out their
mit,
And if you cannot come across they won't
give you a bit.
And why I left that place down there to come
here I can't see,
If ever I get back down there, never again for
me.
For I does miss them black-eyed peas all
cooked in nice hog jole,
With crackling bread all hot and steaming,
goodness bless my soul,
I imagine I can see that pot of fat back and
sallet,
Saying to me come here boy and let me tickle
your pallet ;
Ham and cabbage and cornbread just about
two inches thick,

And after you fill up on that you'd be taut as
a tick ;
Also string beans and lima, too, with corn and
slice tomatoes,
Lettuce and asparagus and both kinds of
potatoes ;
And when they invite the minister to dine,
Every chicken on the place has to walk a chalk
line,
Because they know just what it meant and
kept out of harms' way,
So the kitchen door was not the place that
they desired to stay.
Take me back to my old home where the sun
is shining bright,
So I can get some chitterlings to grease my
appetite.
Another place down there where you can get
good eatings,
And that is when they're holding their annual
camp meetings.
They'll have some old time chicken stew with
dumplings steaming hot
All cooked right there on the campgrounds in
a big old iron pot.
Then chicken fried also baked and homemade
chicken pie,
Would almost make you think you were in
the sweet bye and bye.

And when it came to desert they would have
all kinds of pies,
Cakes, ginger bread, ice cream, you could
hardly believe your eyes.
Then water melon, cantaloupe, apples, pears
and sweet plums,
And everybody feels so glad when campmeet-
ing comes.
So, if I can enjoy those times before this voice
is stilled,
I'll be satisfied to know that my desire has
been fulfilled.

Success

There's an old adage that goes on to say,
A faint heart never wins a bride,
If you stop and think you'll also find out.
To success it can be applied.
There are some of us who have started out.
And also was on the right track,
Because some obstacle confronted them,
They got discouraged and turned back.

But there are some people who never give up,
And will not let you interfere,
It matters not what you may say to them.
To you they will turn a deaf ear,

And they are the ones who always make good,
For they won't give up in despair,
But just keep on with determination,
And success they will get there share.

If you want to succeed in anything,
You've got to stay in the contest,
Because there're so many that's ready
To keep you from coming out best.
You may not win it at the very first trial,
Although you'll find it contagious,
So there is a way for you to catch it,
And that's by being courageous.

Another adage which says that fortune,
Only knocks once at a man's door,
So let us be there to answer the call,
In case it should'nt call any more ;
So don't let that opportunity pass,
But grasp it right there once for all,
For every moment that is wasted,
That moment is beyond recall.

When you start out to fight this world's battle
And success ever comes to you,
Don't think just because it was your good luck,
The other man met with it, too ;

But as you climb up the ladder you should
Reach out your hand for your brother,
Who is making an effort to succeed,
For we should help one another.

So it does not pay to procrastinate,
By putting off for tomorrow,
For opportunities that are wasted,
They may result to your sorrow.
So just grasp it while it presents itself,
You will have no cause to rue it,
If not you'll wake up some morning and find
That some one has beat you to it.

Christmas Time

Christmas in the country,
It is the place to be,
The city isn't in it,
No, indeed; not for me.
Everybody happy,
Going from place to place,
Don't eat all at one house,
But leave an open space.

Good old country cider,
Homemade apple jack,
My gracious, how it just
Makes your lips go smack.
Good old possum baked with
An apple in its teeth,
Potatoes on both sides
And gravy underneath.

Nicest baughnugh clabber,
Sweetened with brown sugar,
Just as nice as can be,
Glory, Hallelujah.
We have such good eatings,
It's too bad it can't stay
Always because it
Just makes us feel so gay.

Then to the barn at night,
We'll go and take a speel,
Quadrilles and your break down.
And your Virginia reel,
Banjo playing till it makes
You give your feet a swing,
Also cause a preacher
To cut the pigeon wing.

A Good Samaritan

He was a weary traveler that was left in deep
distress,
Far away from home and friends, footsore and
penniless,
And unable to tell where his next meal would
be obtained,
Because it was a matter of conjecture re-
mained.

So as he wended on a cafe he chanced to pass,
Hearing the dishes rattling and the tinkling
of the glass,
There he stood agazing at the food which
looked so nice,
But he could not buy a sandwich for he didn't
have the price.

Just as he was on the verge of giving up in
despair,
Thinking that his troubles were too much for
him to bear,
But ah, a friend in need came up and said come
on in and dine
With me and clasped his hand so that he could
not decline.

Can this be a dream thought he or in reality,
As he accepted his friend's hospitality,
And said after being satisfied to his own
heart's content,
You're a good samaritan that the dear Master
sent.

Music of the Frogs

Oh, how I'd like to listen to that music once
again,
That brought much gladness to my heart with
its beautiful strain.
After my day's work being done and to my
bed I'd go,
To take my rest and hear them sing that music
soft and low,
The singing of the nightingale, also the whip-
poor-will
Was grand, but ah, there's a kind of music
haunts me still
Because it captivated me and made me very
fond
Of listening to the singing of the bull frogs
in the pond.
Some of them would sing baritone, while some
of them sang bass,
But when I heard that tenor, Oh, how it would
make my face

Become enlightened with sunshine and drove
dull cares away,
And made me forget the troubles I've had
during the day.
If you would like to hear them sing all you've
got to do,
Just take a trip to the country and let them
sing to you,
Some of those beautiful songs, and I'm sure
you'll respond
With compliments after hearing the bull frogs
in the pond.

So when my work on earth is done and I'm
called up higher,
And hear the lovely music of that great An-
gelic choir,
Singing Hosannah in the highiest, oh, how
sweet it will be,
As I shall listen to them rendering that
melody,
Also David playing his harp will make the
heaven bells ring,
But oh, what joy and happiness that it would
surely bring,
To me, if I could hear over there in that great
beyond,
Sweet singing that is rendered by some bull
frogs in the pond.

His Last Farewell

Oh, Violin ; can this be true,
That I must really part with you.
It seems as though it cannot be,
After all that you've been to me.
For nearly three score years and ten,
In my possession you have been.
If I knew some other device,
I would not make this sacrifice.
But to do this I really must,
For I have not even a crust,
Of bread to keep starvation back.
The clouds also hang very black.
Who would have thought I'd come to this,
When my young life was filled with bliss,
For there was nothing but sunshine
Into that tender heart of mine.
But since that time has passed away
I have spent many a sad day
In trying to make both ends meet,
But always met with a defeat.
The earthly goods I once possessed,
Have vanished and left me distressed,
For by a fire they were consumed,
And to poverty I was doomed.
But through the fire that night I braved
And you're the only thing I saved.

To the public I have appealed,
And my circumstances revealed
But all my efforts went for naught,
So now this is my last resort.
But before we depart for aye
My last farewell I will now play
The piece that made my heart feel glad
When it was prone to become sad.
As he began to draw his bow
The tears of joy began to flow
And down his cheeks they trickled fast
Bringing sweet mem'ries of the past.
I will not part with you, said he
Matters not what the end will be,
But will keep you what may atone
Until death claims me as its own.
And when it does the journey you,
Shall also accompany me, too,
Because I have made this request
That when I take my final rest
I would never leave you behind,
To do so would be too unkind.
The crowd assembled there that day
Had never before heard him play
So sweet because it seemed that he
Realized that he would never be
Able to fill their hearts with cheer,
With the piece that they loved so dear.

So abrupt did the music cease,
Before he had finished the piece
That brought sweet thoughts of days gone by.
What was the cause they knew not why.
So the crowd began to disperse
While there were some to the averse,
For they decided to remain,
Hoping that he would play again.
But there hopes they were not fulfilled,
Because his hands had become stilled.
They made a purse to compensate
Him for his playing, but too late,
For the debt he had gone to pay
That will come to us all some day.

Confidence

With just a bit of confidence,
Mixed with a little common sense,
And also discouragement cast aside,
If you'll keep working with a vim,
By being always right in trim,
You'll always be able to stem the tide.

Determined you must always be,
To achieve any victory,
For you must always be on the alert,
Because the other man you'll find,
Him just a creeping up behind,
You and your success he's there to avert.

So put on a little more steam,
Although your pathway it may seem
To be dark that you cannot reach the goal
But keep on climbing up the hill
And just go at it with a will,
By working at it with both heart and soul.
You should not give up in despair,
But say you'll always do your share
Of work that will earn you your daily bread,
By fighting on to victory,
So like the cabbage you will be,
Because you are bound to come out ahead.

Let The Children Play

Let the little children play
All the blessed live long day,
Don't scold them because they are making
 noise,
But just let them rip and tare
Running, jumping, here and there,
For you know it's true that boys will be boys.
They've such a sensitive heart,
Which will make the tear drops start,
If you should speak to them in a harsh way,
For their fun they must have sure,
So there's but one way to cure
It and that is to let them romp and play.

It is so pleasing to me
When the children I can see
Engaged in such an innocent frolic,
It's better than sitting down
With their faces in a frown,
As though they're suffering with the colic.

When you're through work for the day,
And your child should want to play
With you and at your coat tail want to tug,
Don't send it off with a slap,
But just take your arms and wrap
Around it and give it a nice sweet hug.

That good deed won't go amiss
By giving it that sweet kiss,
They'll stop it as they are growing older;
Here's an old saying that's true
There's one thing you cannot do,
To put a young head on an old shoulder.

So just let them be old folks,
Playing their innocent jokes,
And run about as if they're growing wild,
If the truth you were to tell,
You would stop and say, Oh, well,
I've done the same when I was once a child.

Just A Chance

Said a little boy to a man at work give
Me a chance is all that I ask,
Of you and I will also prove to you,
That I'll be equal to the task.
But if you continue to ignore me,
And not let me enter the race,
When you leave this world how can you
expect
Me to jump in and take your place.

I'm but a diamond in the rough that needs
To be brought out and just polished,
And if you are willing to do your part,
Discouragement will be abolished.
You've also come up the very same road
Before you accomplished your aim,
For others encouraged you and so I think,
I should be accorded the same.

I will not ignore you replied the man,
For today a lesson you've taught
Me and I will in the future always
See that it will not go for naught;
Or any young man that will come to me
I'll try and help him to advance,
For I'd not be holding this position
Had I not been given a chance.

Just Hustle

What makes some people hang around and
say that this world owe
Them a living but such an assertion is not so,
It don't owe them a blessed thing but you've
just got to roll
Up your sleeves and go at it and work with
heart and soul,
To get anything out of this world you've just
got to hustle,
And don't let up an inch but keep working
from the muscle,
For if you don't let me tell you the other fel-
low's there
Waiting to jump into your shoes for he's
anxious to wear.

Them although they'll pinch his feet, but he'll
just keep them on,
Until he has broken them in then he is up and
gone,
Off with the job that you once had, but by
letting it slip,
Through your fingers, but he is holding on
with a grip,

So you shouldn't want to lay the blame at
nobody's door
But your own because you had it but ready
to ignore
It's so now the other fellow's laying low and
sawing wood,
And laughing up his sleeve at you when you
failed to make good.

So it doesn't pay to sit and wait for the stone
to be turned,
Because it will remain that way and nothing
will be earned,
But go right at it and just put your shoulders
to the wheel,
And don't let up an inch but keep working
with the zeal
That you're in possession of and don't give up
in despair,
By sticking to it with the others you are bound
to compare,
So when you have accomplished it with others
you can cope,
And pay day you will be rewarded with a fat
envelope.

Mother's Name

Yes that name is the sweetest of all,
So many mottoes you'll see on the wall,
Which doesn't say father, sister, nor brother,
But what is a home without a mother,
The one that you can call your dearest friend,
When others forsake she's true to the end.
There isn't any place that would be too low,
If you have gone there that she would not go,
To welcome you back to her arms again,
And suffer the pangs no tongue can explain.
So there's a day has been set aside,
In honor of her by the nation wide,
But should we wait until that day appear,
And omit the other days in the year
Without giving her just one single thought,
Allowing her efforts to go for naught;
It was she who rocked you with her gentle
 hand,
While the rest of the family were in that land
Of dreams also your awakesness took flight,
To slumber in the stillness of the night,
So the flower that you wear on that day
As a token of respect but it cannot pay
Her for the suffering she had to bear,
By giving you her attention and care.
So after she has bade this world good bye
You should not assign any reason why

Sweet memories of her should not remain
With you until you shall meet her again
In that land above and forever dwell
With the Master who doeth all things well.

Wasted Opportunities

Young men don't waste your time away,
By neglecting the things today,
Said an old man, it is unwise
To put off for tomorrow,
Because it all will go for naught;
Had I have done the things I ought
To do it surely would have brought
Me joy instead of sorrow.

If I could just call back the past,
Today I'd not be an outcast,
Going around from door to door
And would not have to depend
On some one else for daily food.
But instead I'd be doing good,
To unfortunates, for I could
To them a willing hand lend.

Like my brother who did not let
Any opportunity get
By him but just held on to it
Because he was preparing,

To meet the crisis if it should
Come so he would not have to brood
And the self-same thing, yes, I could
Have done, but was not caring.

So calling me to task one day,
Some rules for me he tried to lay,
Down which I thought were too severe
And into a rage I flew.
I being much older than he
And with him I would not agree,
So I just told him that with me,
He had not a thing to do.

Well my wild oats I kept sowing,
And day by day they were growing,
But I didn't think of it because
The multitude I followed,
Just going a pace fit to kill,
By letting myself run at will
And kept on going down until,
In the gutter I wollowed.

So discovering my mistake
And some amends I tried to make,
Appealing to my friends for help,
But sayest them all, thou fool,

Why should you come to us for aid
When days gone by you should have laid
Something aside, so I was made
For to stand their ridicule.

It was a hard pill to swallow
After spending my last dollar
On them and just to think that they
Would not come to my rescue,
To show that they were loyal men
And render me some assistance when
I was in need which would have been
The right thing for them to do.

So if this advice you will take
From me I 'm sure that you will make
Yourselves such useful citizens,
By doing the things today.
So you should not hesitate
As time for nobody doth wait,
But do them before it is too late
If you don't they'll get away.

Pot Lickers

You may talk about your clam bullion, also
your consomme
But take this tip and listen to what I've got
to say.

There is one soup I tell you that can leave
them in the dark,
Although it has no pedigree, neither a trade-
mark;
Your mock turtle, your chicken broth and
your tomato bisque,
May be alright, but let me say this soup will
make you frisk
About and clap your hands because it's so
delicious.
No matter how much you dring of it you will
not get superstitious.
Mulligatawney, oyster soup and all the rest
combined,
Are very nice, but when I introduce this one
you'll find
Out what I'm telling you is right and will not
hesitate
To agree with me because I tell you it is
great.
No matter what your ailments are tw'll bring
them out all right
If your are suffering with a cold it'll just put
it to flight.
So when I'm good and hungry and you want
to see me snicker,
Just set in front of me a hunk of cornbread
and pot licker.

Old Time Hymns

I often think of the old songs,
They sang in days gone by
But now they have been cast aside,
Although I can't tell why.
They had more sweetness than the ones
That they sing in this day,
And made the poor sinner come back,
That had been led astray.

"Dark was the night and cold the ground,"
Was sung with much feeling;
"My soul is onward heaven bound,"
Was also appealing,
To the vilest sinner those days,
And made them sigh and moan;
They could not stand it not even,
If their hearts were of stone.

"And must I be to judgment brought"
Would make the tear drops start,
And trickle down your cheeks because,
They were sung from the heart.
And not so much of this warbling,
But just mellow and soft
Your soul would rise from the cellar,
Up yonder in the loft.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,"
Was one they used to sing
So sweetly that it really would
Around your heart just cling.
And it would just make you go down,
Upon your bended knees,
Praying to God for such a song,
That sat your heart at ease.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"
Would just make your heart leap
For joy because it was so grand,
That you just could not keep
From shouting all over the church,
Because it would just touch
Your heart string and just cause you to
Enjoy it, Oh, so much.

Another one I liked so much,
"I'm a child of the King"
Would almost make you think that you
Could hear heaven bells ring:
It would be so pleasing to me,
To hear those songs once more,
Then I would bid this world bood bye
To rest on Cannan's shore.

Dont Imitate

Don't imitate the other man unless your
salary will

Permit you to be always ready to meet your
bill.

If he can have his quail on toast, also his chops
french fried,

You may get yourself some spare rib and just
be satisfied,

Because it serves the same purpose and also
makes you feel,

The same as he after you have had a good
square meal.

If he can have a motor car to take him every-
where,

You get yourself a nickel and use it for street
car fare.

It will not take you as fase to your destina-
tion

But after you get there you can say with
much consolation

That you used what you had and did not have
to go

Into debt to make them think that you are
the whole show.

Trying to put on a bold front actually doesn't
pay,
Because it is surely bound to tell on you some
day.
And when the crisis does appear such a bump
you will get,
Which will be to your sorrow and cause you
much regret.
So if you'll live within your means and this
advice follow,
You'll always be in possession of that almighty
dollar.

Be Satisfied

Be satisfied and stop complaining,
If you happen to see it raining
It's essential we should have it,
Matters not what may betide;
Or should you ever see it snowing,
And the wintry breeze ablowing,
Let your joys be overflowing
And not become dissatisfied.

If the broiling sun should swelter
You because there is no shelter,
For you to go and take refuge
Under some nice cool shady spot,

Just keep right in a cheerful mood,
Then you'll be showing gratitude.
To grumble it will do no good,
If the weather should be hot.

But if you'll be optomistic
It is a good characteristic,
Which you'll find out will be better
Than be fussing and a stewing
Because we can't apprehend it,
Then why can't we be contented,
For the dear Master who sends it,
Knows exactly what He's doing.

Be Courageous

When you start out in this world of strife you
must be on your guard,
Against all the obstacles which are trying to
make it hard.
Let nothing deter you at all, but keep on with
the fight,
Then you will be in a position to put them
all to flight.
Envious they will be at you, but if you'll just
remain
Right at it and your efforts will not be at all
in vain.

Enter in with confidence and stay in the con-
test,
Until you have accomplished it and you will
come out best.
Grasp every opportunity and hold on with a
grip,
Even if the wind does blow, but don't you let
it slip.
Never take the knockout blow, but you must
always be,
Energetic all the way, but let your contest-
ants see
That you won't give up in despair, but that
you're surely made
Of the right kind of stuff and will not be
afraid;
Dauntless you must always be also you must
possess,
Determination and no one can impede your
progress.

Scraping Pots

Take me back to my days of yore,
Scraping pots.
So I can enjoy it once more,
Scraping pots.
With cornbread cooked on the skillet,

Goodness, how I used to kill it,
For my stomach I'd just fill it,
Scraping pots.

How those times with me just linger,
Scraping pots.

As I used to lick my fingers,
Scraping pots.

Catch that good old gravy running
Through my fingers (I'm not funning),
But I used to look so cunning,
Scraping pots.

Face just as greasy as could be,
Scraping pots.

And not a dry place you could see,
Scraping pots.

But soap and water did the trick
And carried that grease off my face quick,
Because on there it could not stick,
Scraping pots.

When I die give that job to me,
Scraping pots.

And my heart will be filled with glee,
Scraping pots.

Should you happen to look around
For me and you don't hear a sound,
Well, in the kitchen I'll be found,
Scraping pots.

A Surprising Visit

Well, if this ain't old Josh Plunkett,
I'se mighty glad to see yer;
Jest walk right in and rest yerself,
An' tell me now, how be yer?
I don't believe yer changed a bit
And yer certainly does look well.
So set right in that ole armchair,
Because I want yer to tell

Me if that road is still there yet
That led to old Aunt Sukey's,
Where you and I would go and get
Some of her nicest cookies;
And some of the best kind of milk,
From Bossy, her blazed-face cow;
And don't yer know, I kinder feel,
I kin almost taste it now.

Well, how is old Squire Jones' widow,
Is she still going 'round sparking?
Now, yer don't mean to tell me that
She's hooked up with Judge Larkin.
Grandson, why when I left home
He wasn't knee high to a duck.
O, well, it's like the ole saying,
"Some folks is jest born for luck."

Why couldn't she married some one else,
That would have been her equal?
Fer instance, take Josiah Brown,
Or your brother Ezeikel;
Because they both was sweet on her,
Like bees around the honey,
And I don't believe he married her for
Nothing else but her money.

Fer Squire left her pretty well fixed,
He was so close and stingy,
I've seen him wear a hat until
It got so old and dingy,
And clothes he'd make them last until
They'd become so slick, by heck,
That ef a fly lit on them
It would fall and break its neck.

Have you fergot when you and I,
Stole some grapes from Uncle Nick,
And yer jest kept a eating until
They made yer awfully sick?
So yer went to Aunt Sally Brown's
All frowning and er fretting
But yer was jest a putting on
So ez to get a petting.
She went and got a big bottle,
Oh my, how she did shake it.
Then poured out something in a spoon
And said to yer, now take it.

Yer tasted it, and goodness me
I never saw such a mess,
Yer knocked that bottle and spilled that stuff
All over her Sunday dress.

What did yer do that for, said she,
But yer was awful stubborn;
Yer stood there swelled up like a toad,
And yer eyes yer ket a rubbing.
Answer me, my boy, and then you said,
Because it was so bitter.
And when she poured it down yer throat
You jumped right up and hit her.

I knew yer would ketch something then,
So that wasn't the place fer me,
I went out and when I looked back
She had yer across her knee,
And with that slipper in her hand,
Oh, my, but didn't she spank yer?
So after she got through she made
Yer get right up and thank her.

Fer the whipping that she gave yer.
Why, what makes yer look so sad?
I was only talking about
The good old times we have had,
Playing our mischievous pranks.
So cher up now and don't cry,
It pleases me to talk of things,
In those happy days gone by.

My Chums of Yore

I often wonder if the time will ever appear
once more
For me to see the chums that I have known
since days of yore.
For there is not a day that passes by that I
don't think
Of some of them so dear to me that helped
to form the link
Which bounded us with such a love that
nothing could sever,
A love that'll always stand the test and will
live forever.
Since I've reached maturity there are others
whom I've met,
But some things remain in those chums I can
never forget.
Some are scattered here and there and for
them my heart yearns,
While some have gone to that beyond where
no traveller returns,
But what a rejoicing there'll be on the celestial
plains,
Where we shall meet to part no more and
peace forever reigns.

INDEX

	PAGE
Our Brave Heroes	5
Do It Right	6
Washington's Triumph	7
Paying The Price	9
Dunbar	13
An Unanswered Question	15
The Stage of Action	19
A Happy Home	20
Father Time	21
What Will Your Answer Be?	23
Lover's Lane	25
Dont Put On Airs	27
"Down-Home" Cooking	28
Success	31
Christmas Time	33
A Good Samaritan	35
Music of the Frogs	36
His Last Farewell	38
Confidence	40
Let The Children Play	41
Just A Chance	43
Just Hustle	44
Mother's Name	46
Wasted Opportunities	47
Pot Lickers	49
Old Time Hymns	51
Dont Imitate	53
Be Satisfied	54
Be Courageous	55
Scraping Pots	56
A Surprising Visit	58
My Chums of Yore	61

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES

3 9088 00710 3427